

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off all doubting fears;
The perfect sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood secures His ransomed race
And speaks before the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, 'Father, Abba, Father!' cry.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88